

THEL's Motto.

Does the Eagle know what is in the pit?
Or wilt thou go ask the Moie;
Can Wisdom be put in a silver red?
Or Love in a golden bowl?

THE
BOOK

of
FELIX





The daughters of Mne Seraphim led round their sunny flocks,
All but the youngest; she in palerels sought the secret air,
To finde away like morning beauty from her mortal day:
Down by the river o' Roona her soft voice is heard;
And thus her gentle lamentation falls like morning dew.

O life of this our spring! why fades the lotus of the water?
Why fade these children of the spring? born but to smile & fall.
Ah! Thel is like a watry bow, and like a parting cloud,
Like a reflection in a glafs, like shadowes in the water,
Like dreams of infants, like a smile upon an infants face,
Like the doves voice, like transient day, like music in the air:
Ah! gentle may I lay me down, and gentle rest my head,
And gentle sleep the sleep of death, and gentle hear the voice
Of him that walketh in the garden in the evening time.

The Lilly of the valley breathing in the humble grafs
Answerd the lovely maid and said, I am a watry weed,
And I am very small, and love to dwell in lowly vales:
So weak the gilded butterfly scarce perches on my head,
Yet I am visited from heaven and he that smiles on all.
Walks in the valley, and each morn over me spreads his hand
Saying, rejoice thou humble gral, thou new born lilly flower,
Thou gentle maid of silent valleys, and of modest brooks:
For thou shalt be clothed in light, and fed with morning manna;
Till summers heat melts thee beside the fountains and the springs
To flourish in eternal vales: then why should Thel complain?

Why should the mistress of the vales of Har, utter a sigh.

She ceased & smild in tears, then sat down in her silver shrine.

Thel answerd, O thou little virgin of the peaceful valley.

Giving to thase that cannot crave, the voicelets, the perfumed.

Thy breath doth nourish the innocent lamb, he sarsus thy milky garments,

He crops thy flowers, whil thou sittest smiling in his face,

Wiping his mild and meekin mouth from all contagious taints.

Thy wane cloth purify the golden honey, thy perfume.

Which thou dost scatter on every letie blade of grise that springs

Revives the milked cow, & tames the fire-breathing strel.

But Thel is like a faint cloud kindled at the rising sun;

I vanish from my pearly throne, and who shall find my place.

Queen of the vales the Lilly answerd, ask the trinder cloud.

And it shalld tell thee why it glitters in the morning sky.

And why it scatters its bright beauty thro the humed air.

Desceund O little cloud & hover before the eyes of Thel.

The Cloud descended, and the Lilly bowd her modest head:

And went to mind her numerous charge among the verdant grise.



II.

O little Cloud, the virgin said, I charge thee tell to me,
Why thou complainest not when in one hour thou fairest away?
Then we shall seek thee but not find, ah Thel is like to thee,
I pass away, yet I complain, and no one hears my voice.

The Cloud then shew'd his golden head & his bright form emerged,
Hovering and glittering on the air before the face of Thel.

O virgin knowest thou not, our steeds drink of the golden springs
Where Luvah doth renew his horses: lookst thou on my youth,
And fearest thou because I vanish and am seen no more.
Nothing remains, O maid I tell thee when I pass away,
It is to tenfold life, to love to peace, and raptures holy;
Unseen descending, weigh my light wings upon balmy flowers;
And court the fair eyed dew, to take me to her shining tent;
The weeping virgin, trembling kneels before the risen sun,
Till we arise link'd in a golden band, and never part;
But walk united, bearing food to all our tender flowers.

Doest thou O little Cloud? I fear that I am not like thee;
For I walk through the vales of Har, and smell the sweetest flowers;
But I feed not the little flowers: I hear the warbling birds,
But I feed not the warbling birds, they fly and seek their food;
But Thel delights in these no more because I fade away,
And all shall say, without a rise thus shining woman livid,
Or did she only live, to be at death the food of worms.

The Cloud reclined upon his airy throne and answer'd thus.

Then if thou eat the food of worms, O virgin of the skies,
How great thy use, how great thy blessing; every thing that lives,
Lives not alone, nor for itself; fear not and I will call
The weak worm from its lonely herb, and thou shalt bear its wine.
Come forth worm of the silent valley, to thy pensive queen.

The helpless worm arose, and sat upon the Lilby leaf,
And the bright Cloud said on, to find his partner in the vale.



III.

Then Thel astonished view'd the Worm upon its dewy bed.

Art thou a Worm? image of weakness, art thou but a Worm?
I see thee like an infant wrapped in the Lilly's leaf:
Art weep not little voice, thou canst not speak but thou canst weep;
Is this a Worm? I see thee lay helpless & naked: weeping,
And none to answer, none to cherish thee with mothers smiles.

The Clog of Clay heard the Worms voice, & raised her piting head;
She bowed over the weeping infant, and her life exulted
In milky fondness, then on Tuel she fix'd her humble eyes.

C beauty of the vales of Har, we live not for ourselves,
Thou seest me the meanest thing, and so I am indeed;
My bosom of itselv is cold, and of uses is dark,

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But he that loves the lowly, pours his oil upon my head,
And kisses me, and binds his nuptial bands around my breast.
And says; Thou mother of my children, I have loved thee.
And I have given thee a crown that none can take away.
But how this is sweet maid, I know not, and I cannot know.
I ponder, and I cannot ponder; yet I live and love.

The daughter of beauty wiped her pitying tears with her white veil,
And said, Alas! I knew not this, and therefore did I weep;
That God would love a Worm I knew, and punish the evil foot
That wilful, bruised its helpless form; but that he cherished it
With milk and oil, I never knew; and therefore did I weep,
And I complained in the mild air, because I fade away,
And lay me down in thy cold bed, and leave my shining lot.

Queen of the vales, the matron Clay answer'd; I heard thy sighs,
And all thy moans flew o'er my roof, but I have call'd them down:
Wilt thou O Queen enter my house, 'tis given thee to enter,
And to return; fear nothing, enter with thy virgin feet.



IV.

The eternal gates terrible porter lifted the northern bar;
Thel enterd in & saw the secrets at the land unknown:
She saw the couches of the dead, & where the fibrous roots
Of every heart on earth unfixes deep its restless twists:
A land of sorrows & of tears where never smile was seen.

She wandered in the land of clouds thro' valleys dark, listening
Dolours & lamentations: waiting oft beside a dewy grave.
She stood in silence, listening to the voices of the ground,
Till to her own grave plot she came, & there she sat down,
And heard this voice of sorrow breathed from the hollow pit.

Why cannot the Eye be closed to its own destruction?
Or the glistening Eye to the poison of a smile!
My are Eyelids stord with arrows ready drawn,
Where a thousand fighting men in ambush lie?
Or an Eye of gifts & graces, showing fruits & coined gold?

Why a Tongue impresid with honey from every wind?
Why an Ear, a whirlpool hence to draw creations in?
Why a Nostril wide inhaling terror, trembling & affright?
Why a tender curb upon the youthful burning boy?
Why a little curtain of flesh on the bed of our desire?

The Virgin started from her seat, & with a shriek,
Fled back unbidden till she came into the vales of Har.



The End